

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 446.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1840.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

In a former age of the world, while as yet it was judged necessary that heaven should communicate its wisdom directly to man, an angel was intrusted with the duty of imparting lessons in patience.

A great lord lay upon silken cushions in a splendid apartment, surrounded by every luxury which his own and neighbouring countries could produce, and waited on by troops of menials who were ready to obey his most slightly expressed wish. But, amidst all his enjoyments, the great lord writhed in mental anguish. The king had that afternoon passed him without notice; and the want of one word from the royal lips had been sufficient to produce a complete insensibility to all the other blessings of life, of which he possessed such abundance. "Was there ever any mortal so miserable as I am!" he bitterly exclaimed; and next minute, when his butler presented him with a cup of the most delicious wine, he started up in a paroxysm of anger, and threw the liquor in the man's face, merely because he observed a speck of dust upon the salver on which the cup was borne.

He had no sooner been left alone, than the Angel of Patience stood before him, and, holding up a mirror, desired him to look in it. He coldly raised his eyes, and, looking in the mirror, beheld a vessel struggling with a tempest, while the merchant, its proprietor, was directing the sailors to throw bales of rich merchandise overboard, in order to save it from destruction. "Great lord," said the angel, "behold this scene. It is one really taking place at this moment. An honest and industrious merchant has committed all he possesses in the world to this vessel, with the hope of turning it to profit; but he has been overtaken by a storm, and now, for the sake of bare life, he is compelled to sacrifice all that property which was the result of so many years of toil, and upon which he calculated for the means of spending his latter days in peace, and portioning his sons and daughters. Is he not more miserable than thou?"

The great lord held his peace, and, after a brief pause, the angel desired him to look again. The whole of the merchandise had now been thrown from the vessel, and the merchant showed by his attitude and looks, that he was resigned to the great loss which it had been the will of Heaven that he should experience. "Seest thou," said the angel, "how patient the merchant is! He knows that he is penniless, and must once more begin the world, if he would wish again to be wealthy, or even to acquire the means of subsistence. Yet he breathes not a word of complaint. He submits to fate, and his soul is at peace." "Oh, angel," said the great lord, "I see all that thou showest to me, and am corrected. May I never again repine about trifles, or fall into such unworthy fits of anger!" The angel then departed, for her purpose had been accomplished.

Bakrak sat in his magnificent bazaar in the city of Betlis, which was filled with all the rich spices, and cloths, and porcelain of the east. He was the richest man in the city, and fortune still continued to flow upon him in an unremitting stream. But at this moment a cloud sat on the brow of Bakrak. One of his slaves had that day disappeared with a package of the rich shawls of Lahore, and, as misfortunes rarely come single, his coffee had not been scorched exactly to the right degree of dryness, so that it wanted much of its usual flavour. He was in such an angry mood, that not one of his remaining servants durst approach him. His favourite son, young Bakrak, whom he rarely saw without loading with caresses, had gone up to him as he was accustomed to do, and laid his head affectionately on his shoulder; when, instead of

patting the child as usual on the cheek, he had given him a box on the ear, which caused the blood to flow from his mouth. At that moment, the Angel of Patience suddenly entered the gorgeous bazaar.

Holding up her mirror before Bakrak, she desired him to look therein. He complied with a sulky carelessness, but was soon arrested by the sight which met his eyes. It was one of those beautiful vales which one can never see without supposing them to have been designed for the habitation of innocent and happy human beings. The full moon had risen over the centre of the vale, and was looking mildly down into it, as if it had been a divine thing created for the use of that valley alone, and which would remain to be admired and worshipped there for ever. But a band of lawless men had this evening entered the valley, and were now engaged in plundering the inhabitants. The picture delineated in the mirror more particularly displayed in the foreground a cottage in flames, while the family that lately occupied it sat bound with cords on the sward in front, surrounded by a small party of the depredators. Then the scene was slightly changed. The children, five in number, were commanded to mount behind as many troopers, in order to be carried away from their native country, the girls to be sold, at prices proportioned to their beauty, in some distant slave-market, and the boys to be brought up as recruits for the army of the sultan, and neither ever again to see their parents. Bakrak saw the struggles and tears of the father and mother, as their children were borne away, and, thinking of young Bakrak, he groaned aloud. "This," said the angel, "is a real scene, which is at this moment passing in a certain part of the world. What are all your troubles to the misery of this desolate pair! Behold, and be thou restored to equanimity." "I am restored," said Bakrak; and the angel left him.

An artisan had returned from his daily toil to the tranquil home, where, though no luxury ever appeared, there was at least a sufficiency of necessities, and even of comforts. His wife smiled on him as he entered, and his children ran to embrace his knees, and offer the kiss which was as much homage as affection. But the heart of the artisan was heavy within him, and he looked round on his neat household, and the clean and healthful meal prepared for him, with dissatisfaction. He had been torturing himself all day with reflections on his incessant labours, and the apparently superior happiness of others, and he had at length arrived at the conclusion, that the class to which he belonged were treated by the wealthy only as slaves, born to minister to their pleasures. His wife and children shrunk from his cold eye and gloomy brow, and the evening passed in silence and sadness. At length, no longer able to bear the agony of his thoughts in the presence of his family, he walked out into his garden, which he paced for some time with hurried steps, as if seeking to escape from some demon which tormented him. At this moment, the Angel of Patience presented herself, and held up her mirror before his eyes.

He saw a man and woman, who, from their dress, seemed to belong to a country different from his own. They were poor wanderers, who sought a livelihood by selling little articles amongst the country people; and their attire bespoke a general condition little above that of common mendicants. It was Saturday evening, and they timidly approached a small farmhouse, in order to ask shelter for the night, and during the ensuing day.* The farmer beheld them with suspicion, but said they might, if they chose, take up

* The vision of the mirror is, in this case, described from circumstances of actual occurrence.

their abode in an outhouse to which he pointed. The two foreigners thanked him humbly, and went to the shed which he had pointed out. They found it to have only part of a roof, and to contain no furniture of any kind, but they were forced to be content with it. The man, who wanted one of his arms, immediately proceeded to the neighbouring field, and with his one hand cut as much dry grass and rushes as served to make up a bed in the only corner of the shed where there was a roof. They then partook of some wretched fragments of bread and meat which they carried with them, and lay down to rest, but not till they had, according to the forms of their country's religion, rendered thanks and praise to the Giver of all good for such share of his bounty as they enjoyed. The mirror further showed the life of this humble pair during the next day. Early in the morning, the man made arrangements in their little habitation for performing a religious ceremony, which in his own country he had been taught to regard as all-important, though, in that where he now was, it was considered as an abomination. At the proper time, he performed this rite with his wife as his sole fellow-worshipper, both taking care that no one else should be annoyed by what they did. "Behold," said the angel, "how two of the poorest and most wretched of human beings deport themselves towards God and man, while thou, who enjoyest so many more blessings, tormentest thyself with vain imaginings. Thou canst read the lesson: I ask if thou art corrected?" "I am," answered the artisan; and the angel left him.

An old man, who made a slender livelihood by the labours of himself and an aged horse, was one day passing along the road, leading that animal, which was loaded on this occasion with a burden much too heavy for its strength. The dress of the old man was ragged, bespeaking the utmost poverty; but his cheek showed still some red, and he set his foot to the ground in such a manner that no one could suppose him to be in a very feeble condition. To testify his vigour still farther, he thrashed his horse in a most unmerciful manner with a whip which he carried in his right hand, tugging the bridle at the same time with his left, as if he would have pulled the head of the poor animal away from its body. Occasionally, he kicked its stiff sides, which gave forth a sound such as a basket gives when kicked, and he was continually showering upon the animal opprobrious nicknames and furious execrations. He was impatient to reach a particular place with his load, because he was to have no pay and no breakfast till his task was accomplished. It was partly his hunger which made him on this occasion use his horse so cruelly. Unexpectedly, the Angel of Patience came up and walked along by his side. "Pitiless man," said she, "how canst thou thus treat the very creature that is doing its best to serve you? Hold still thy wicked hand, and take even from that animal a lesson of patience. You have loaded it beyond its strength, and yet it endeavours to do what you demand of it. You kick and lash it, and it bears all with submission. The misery of that poor animal is at this moment extreme; I know it to be so; but it betrays not the slightest symptom of a disposition to retaliate upon the author of its distresses. You are hungry now, and that, you will say, is your excuse; but you feed your horse in so poor a way that it is never otherwise than hungry, and yet, when it tries to snatch a mouthful of grass from the wayside, and you lash it to make it go on, does it not quietly yield to your wish? Observe the whole demeanour of the animal, and think of it well. It is patience in a living shape. Let its downcast look, its labouring muscles,

its breaking yet submitting heart, at length pass beyond your mere sight, which is familiar with them, and enter the soul within, and let the consequence of the lesson be mercy and patience. Farewell." The angel then vanished, and the old man, before advancing another step, took the load from his horse, and allowed it to feed for ten minutes upon the thistles by the wayside; after which it prosecuted its journey with renewed spirit, and he did not once lay his lash upon it during the remainder of the journey.

The Angel of Patience does not now come in a bodily form upon the earth; but the world abounds as much as ever with lessons resembling those which she used to read to mankind. The sentimental grievances of the great and rich may yet be assuaged, if the great and rich will only think upon the many severer evils which others are every moment bearing, and bearing, perhaps, with magnanimity and resignation. The evils which befall every station of life may be softened, if we only reflect on the worse afflictions of the next lower sphere. It is not that we can

—“hold a fire in our hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus.”

but that an *example of patience* may be drawn from the well-borne sufferings of others. Nor is there any class of society so sunk to the bottom of wretchedness, but such an example may still be found even for them, for, rightly considered, the miseries and sacrifices which animals are so largely called upon to endure on man's account, and which they generally endure with so perfect a patience, are calculated to soften and bring down to submission the most obdurate hearts.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

SIXTH ARTICLE.—RENT.

THE inquiry—in what consists that value for which rent is paid? may at first sight appear an idle one. What is primarily apparent is, that land and houses are objects of use and desire, and therefore people will pay for them as they do for other things possessed of these qualities. It very soon becomes apparent, however, that there is a wide distinction between the manner in which land becomes valuable and that in which other commodities are made so; and that the knowledge of this distinction is of very great practical importance in the conduct of human affairs. As an instance of this importance, we may simply note, to arrest the reader's attention, the example of taxation. Whether a tax acts as a direct pressure on the individual, cramping his employment of capital and labour by increasing the impost with the production, or puts the tax-gatherer in the position of a mere fellow-sharer of property, is a question of undoubtedly vast importance. That there is a great distinction between the manner in which the surface of the earth becomes valuable, and that in which other things are so, is so evident, that it scarce needs illustration. Every one must have observed, that, of other commodities, the supply bears something like a proportion to the demand. Shoes and coats are only brought into existence because they are wanted. There may, it is true, be a miscalculation, and a greater number may be produced than that required, but the intention not to exceed the demand is urged by so many motives of self-interest, that they generally bear a pretty near proportion to each other. Coats and shoes, therefore, never make their appearance but when they are wanted, and are worth money; and when this takes place, they are always forthcoming. There are millions of acres of land, however, of the most fruitful and productive nature, that nobody wants, and that are worth nothing; while, on the other hand, there are spots where the most arid soil is of enormous value, as a mere portion of the surface of the earth.

Under the subject of labour, it was stated that there were only two means by which an article could possess value in exchange; first, that it should have been produced by means of labour; second, that it should be an article limited in its supply—in other words, that it should be a monopoly, for every thing of which the supply is limited will find an owner. The greatest instance of monopoly (the term is intended to be used in an explanatory, not an invidious sense) was said to be land. Let us now explain, as distinctly as we can, the manner in which it thus becomes valuable. Dr James Anderson was the first to throw light on the process. He supposed the land of a country to be divided into different portions, of various fertility. While the population is so small

that every member of it can supply himself with food from the land that is next him, and there is no competition for one portion of the soil in preference to another, there can be no such thing as rent. It is true that the government of the country, or persons who happen to be possessed of authority in some form or other over their neighbours, may exact from them a consideration for the use of the land, as they may for the privilege of remaining with their heads on their shoulders. Any thing, however, that can be exacted by force, and is not given in virtue of a commercial compact, cannot be termed rent. It is something given, not because the giver gets value, but because he is under compulsion, and the mildest term to be used towards it is that of a tax. When the population, however, of the country in question so far increases that lands which would have been previously rejected as worthless are cultivated, rent begins to exist in favour of those who happen to be possessed of the use of the better soils. These more unfruitful portions no one would cultivate, unless he could gain something by doing so. Whenever the produce of the more fruitful soils ceases to be sufficient to feed the population, or rather when the population finds the supply from that quarter so limited that it will pay something for a little more food, the time has come when the holder of the inferior land may cultivate it. But what does the holder of the more fruitful soil do in the mean time? He who cultivates the poorer land, must demand a correspondingly increased price for the produce, and the possessor of the fruitful tracts, coming into the market along with him, will demand and obtain the same return. The former, then, is a mere labourer, getting a remuneration for the toil of producing food; the latter is getting something beyond the price of his labour, and that something is rent, whether he choose to remain the cultivator of the land himself, and so to earn both the remuneration for tilling it and its value as a monopoly, or find it more agreeable to enjoy the latter in indolence, leaving the former to some tenant, who is not so fortunate as to have the means of living without labour. As population presses, and less promising lands are cultivated, the rent of the more fruitful lands—those first employed—will proportionally increase, and there will be various intermediate grades of rent; the amount being in each case precisely the difference between the price of cultivating the most arid soil that is used by the community, and that of cultivating the portion for which the rent in question is paid. It must always be kept in view that it is not the mere circumstance of cultivating poor lands, but the pressure that occasions their being had recourse to, that causes the rent to exist. Of the existence of that pressure, however, the resort to poorer lands is the proper indication, while it is likewise the measure of the extent to which it operates.

The deductions from the above doctrine, are of the very first practical consequence to the welfare of society. The most important consideration connected with them, perhaps, is the extent to which the existence of rent is shown to depend on commerce and manufactures. It is not the production and consumption of an abundant supply of the fruits of the earth that creates rent, but a pressure of the population on the amount produced, whatever it may be. There may be thousands of acres yielding a munificent harvest, yet it is not until the pressure upon that produce causes recourse to be had to a less fruitful acre of soil, that rent is as it were spread over those districts, the superior fruitfulness of which has brought them first into use. The outlay that may be necessary to make this additional acre produce the same quantity of grain as the more fruitful acres have done, may not be above £1, but the necessity of having recourse to the spending of that pound, may bring into existence thousands of pounds per annum of revenue to those who are so fortunate as to find themselves proprietors of the fruitful soils. Now, it is commerce and manufactures that are the temptation to men so to congregate together as to create this pressure on the produce of the soil. Were there no such inducements to dense population, it would be the interest of every one to locate himself in the spot where he found most room to grow the food necessary for his subsistence. Were there no commerce, indeed—no interchange of commodities—there would be no other means of securing a subsistence. If one man should grow more corn than he wanted, where would any other find money to buy it with? In these circumstances, if population increased, the more fortunate among the people would be raising their bushel of corn with little labour in the fruitful districts, while others would be extracting it with a greater amount of labour from a less salubrious soil. There would here be no common market in which the produce of the rich and that of the poor soil could meet, and be sold at the same price, the difference between the cost of raising the two going into some one's pocket in the shape of rent. In such a case there might be exactions of any conceivable kind by the lord from his slaves; he might, through force, or by the simple efficacy of their habits of obedience and dependence, exact their service, their grain, or their lives—but rent, or a commercial consideration for the use of his lands, he would not have.

The present position of Hungary corresponds pretty closely with this hypothetical case. The landowner (if he whose interest is more in the individuals that grow upon the land than the soil itself, should be so named) is very absolute; he has multitudes of exac-

tions in the shape of produce and services. The persons (and, until lately, the lives) of his serfs are entirely at his disposal. If he possess a carriage, he will easily get it driven, for he can command the services of the peasantry and their cattle in any part of the kingdom. Thus powerful in his own neighbourhood, and even rich, for he has the fruits of the soil almost indefinitely at his command, he is a beggar elsewhere, for he has no money. Five acres of the comparatively poor soil of East Lothian probably brings as much money rent as could be got for a fruitful district in Hungary. A very long time, however, has not elapsed since Scotland was in the same position. The potent Cameron of Locheil, who headed eight hundred of his own tenants on the field, and the population of whose territory must therefore have amounted to some thousands, drew no more than £500 a-year in rent. Had it not been for our spirit of enterprise, for our shipping, canals, steam-engines, and spinning-jennies, the rich aristocracy of Britain would have been like that of Hungary, or at most no richer perhaps than the nobility of Russia, who, because they trade in produce (hemp and tallow) to this country, are a degree higher in the scale of wealth. It is thus that a circumstance, which to many has appeared mysterious, is easily accounted for—that while the riches of our merchants and manufacturers have so rapidly increased that what was formerly affluence is now insignificance or poverty, the landed aristocracy, too, have advanced in riches, in a ratio not disproportionate, and are able to retain a portion, if not the whole, of their ancient importance in society. In some cases, indeed, where the pressure of population in large towns has made a few square feet in a particular position more valuable than acres elsewhere, the fortunes made by proprietors have been princely, and, we believe, far beyond what individuals connected with trade have ever cleared. It is, then, our having obtained and kept the start of the rest of mankind in commerce and manufactures, that makes our aristocracy the richest in the world. If circumstances should arise to deprive us of these advantages, it will be on the owners of the soil that the evil will press with most permanent and unmitigated force. The capitalist can remove his commodity with comparative ease; the labourer even, though with more difficulty, can generally escape in the end; but the land must remain, to take its chance of what it can fetch in the deserted market.

It is another important deduction from the above theory, that rent, instead of being a factitious creation for the advantage of a particular class of men, is a thing inherent in the nature of land when placed in a certain position, and cannot be got rid of. Rent cannot be extinguished, and any attempt to annihilate it would only have the effect of making it change hands. While a quarter of grain can be raised a shilling cheaper in one acre than another, the former will bring rent to somebody. If the government should compel the person who cultivates the fruitful lands to sell his grain at a proportional rate less than what the tiller of more sterile spots requires for his remuneration, the result would be that one producer would be selling grain cheaper than another, and that the cheap commodity would be bought up and retailed, the retailer standing in the position of the landlord, and drawing his “rent;” for when brought to a common market, commodities always find a level in price. Nay, were it practicable (as undoubtedly it is not) to prohibit every one from buying more corn than what is necessary for his own consumption, those who are so fortunate as to obtain the cheap grain sold by the cultivators of the fertile lands, would reap the profit which the landlord would have obtained had the market been free, as, from paying less for their food, they would have a proportionally larger sum to spend on other commodities. Thus, if A, having the good luck to purchase his corn from a cultivator of fruitful land, get it at 40s. a-quarter, while B must resort to the produce of the more barren soil, which cannot be afforded under 60s. A gains 20s., which, though he may never see the soil by which he profits, is equivalent to his receiving that sum in the form of rent. All this can only exist, on the presumption that the density and wealth of the population cause a resort to inferior lands. If by an infringement of the rights of property, or any other instance of bad legislation, this resort is discontinued, then, indeed, rent may cease to exist.

The theory of rent throws, as we have already hinted, an important light on the pressure of taxation. Suppose a fixed tax on land to have existed from time immemorial, or so early that there is no one alive who can say that his income or his expectations have been made less by it than they were before, that tax presses on no one; it is as if the receiver of the tax were a joint proprietor. If the tax should continue to increase at the same ratio with the rent—for instance, if it should always form a tenth part of it—the same will be the case. The landlord pays nothing, for that part of the rent which is tax he never enjoyed; he could no more look to it as his own, than he could to the rent of his neighbour's estate. If his own rent increases, it is by circumstances over which he has no control—by the industry of his neighbours and the increase of population; and it cannot affect him, that there is in the receiver of the tax a fellow-proprietor who profits in the same ratio. Nay, if the whole increase of rent went in the form of a tax, the result would be the same. The proprietor would just be as if there were no increase of wealth or population

about him, and as if the good fortune attending these circumstances had accrued to the state and not to him." Let the tax, however, be, not upon the rent, but upon the produce; it then changes its nature from what might be called a joint proprietorship on the part of the state, to a pressure on enterprise and energy, which, like all other taxes so directed, must impede to a certain extent the progress of wealth and improvement. The effect of such a tax will be best viewed by considering it as paid by a tenant. So long as that tenant employs the lowest practicable amount of capital in his farm, so long as he attempts to rear only the most cheaply raised produce which will enable him to live and pay his rent, the tax is a deduction from the rent, and is precisely similar to such an impost as that above quoted. If, however, the farmer wish to raise a more expensive crop—a crop in which the capital laid out bears a larger proportion to the amount of the rent—he feels that the more he lays out, the more tax he pays, and so there is an impediment in the way of his improving the soil. The landlord will not take less rent because the farmer wishes to employ more capital. The more capital, however, he employs, the more produce he rears, and consequently, having to give a proportion of it away, the more he pays in taxes.

TRY AND TRUST.

A STORY, BY MRS HALE.*

"DEAR, dear Henry! how glad I am to see you. Oh, you cannot tell how weary the hours seem when you are gone!" exclaimed Mrs Harrison, as she ran with extended hands to welcome her husband's entrance. He fondly returned the caress of his young and lovely wife, while she continued to speak of her joy at seeing him, and of her lonely feelings during his absence.

"Do you think, Ellen, that I would leave you, if it were not absolutely necessary?" inquired he, soothingly. "Can you believe I would stay thus long from you by design?"

"Oh! no, no—I do not think you would; and yet it does sometimes appear strange that you can stay so long from me; and in the evening, too. I am sure that no business could detain me thus from you."

"Not if it were necessary to secure my happiness, Ellen?"

"I cannot understand how that would be secured by a course which was rendering you miserable."

He smiled sadly as he replied, "If our home were in Eden, my love, where our only occupation would be tending flowers and gathering fruits, on which we could banquet the year round, then we might consult our present feelings only, giving all cares for the future to the winds. But we do not live in Eden."

"And therefore must be miserable. Is that what you wish me to understand?"

"No, no; we need not be miserable because we do not dwell in Paradise; but we shall be disappointed, if we expect to find its perfect bliss in our cold, barren world. We are too apt to forget that life, for fallen man, has no real, lasting, virtuous enjoyments, which are not earned by toil, or obtained by self-sacrifice of some sort. Every pleasure has its price. I could not enjoy this happiness of folding you to my heart, and feeling that you are my own, and that you are so provided with comforts as not to regret that you have united your lot with mine for ever, if I did not practise the self-denial of leaving you, to pursue the business and studies of my profession many hours each day. Can you understand this?"

The young wife looked up to her husband, and the tear that moistened her soft, blue eye, added the lustre of feeling to a glance of love that sunk into his soul. He knew that he was comprehended, was absolved. He had never told her of the difficulties with which he had to struggle; accustomed, as she had been from her birth, to every luxury and indulgence that wealth could command, he had thought that the details of anxieties, labours, and disappointments, which those who are born poor must encounter in the stern strife of their worldly career, would sound too harshly, would make her unhappy. He could not bear to see the shadow of a cloud upon her brow. He dreaded, more than any worldly evil, that she should feel the pressure of care. His whole soul had been engrossed, since the first certainty that she would be his wife, with devising the means of supporting her in that style which he fancied was absolutely necessary to her happiness. Men seldom form romantic ideas of "love in a cottage," if they have had to struggle with the realities of poverty. Not that Henry Harrison was an avaricious, or even a worldly man; he did not covet riches for himself; he was not ambitious of show or parade; but he did tremble lest his young wife should endure one privation—lost even the winds of heaven should visit her too roughly.

The union of Henry Harrison and Ellen Wise was truly a love marriage; romance and adventure had marked their love from the beginning, and it seemed hardly probable that their married life would run on in the calm canal-like current of common events. At least they fancied that some peculiar bliss was and would continue to be theirs, because their first meet-

ing had been so strange, and, in their estimation, so fortunate.

It happened that Henry Harrison, in the summer of 1818, made a pedestrian tour from New York to Canada. He had just completed his study of the law; and, before entering on the duties of his laborious profession in the "commercial emporium," determined that he would see a little of the great world, and, to make the most of the opportunity, that the greatest natural wonder in the world should be among the objects of his tour. So he made Niagara the chief point of his movements. He visited it as he went, and on his homeward journey. And while on the Table Rock he minutely in his journal, that "his heart was so filled with awe and admiration for the sublime spectacle before him, that it would be impossible for a long long time to admit any other sentiment!"

That afternoon, he received a letter from a particular friend of his in Troy, urging him to visit him at his house on his way home. The wardrobe of Henry was, in the first instance, only graduated to his travelling convenience on foot, and it had borne the wear and tear of four weeks' travel; its soiled and dilapidated condition, therefore, was reason good for promptly deciding to refuse the invitation. But that night he had a dream—a vision, as he always called it. He thought he saw a lady of majestic presence and serene countenance approach him. In her right hand she held a veiled picture, which she advanced towards him, with a smile of sweetness that filled his soul with rapture. He strove to raise himself, that he might lift the veil and examine the picture; but the stately lady motioned him to desist, and, at the same time, addressing him in a sweet but deeply impressive tone of voice, said, "Go, visit your friend, and the veil shall be raised."

Henry awoke in some perturbation; and, though of course he did not acknowledge to himself, nor do we pretend that the dream influenced his conduct, yet so it happened, that before he had finished his breakfast, he had decided on visiting his friend at Troy.

Nothing particular occurred, however, during the day he passed in that city, and he was obliged to leave it early the succeeding one. But his friend insisted, that he should, before setting out on his pilgrimage home, take a stroll with him to the top of Mount Ida, then a very celebrated spot in the estimation of all lovers of the picturesque in that neighbourhood. The spirit of improvement is now passing in triumph over the domain of romance, and has already laid low the pride of the mountain; but when our hero, at early day, ascended the height, and saw the wide amphitheatre of green hills displayed around, gently sloping downwards, till they melted, as it were, into the rich vale, where rose the clustered dwellings of the city, each house made beautiful by the thought that it was the home of some happy family—for to a wanderer every home seems a place of rest and happiness—his heart rejoiced in the sight. The first rays of the morning sun were illumining the earth. The broad bright Hudson in the distance shone like a line of flashing diamonds as its ripples caught the sunbeams. But the eastern sky was the object that most riveted Henry's gaze. There is something exalting to the spirit in watching from a mountain top the rising of the sun. Only the blue firmament seems to intervene between the spectator and heaven, from which the clear light of the new day appears to issue, like a stream from an inexhaustible fountain.

As the two friends were about descending the hill, they observed a carriage approaching. Just as it reached the top of the height, the horses became frightened by the sudden sight of a hawk, which had been scared by their approach from its perch on the stump of a blasted tree, that inclined over the road. It dashed directly in the face of the horses. The startled animals reared high, and then plunged forward so suddenly, that the driver was precipitated from his seat, and the carriage, forced against a projecting rock, was overturned and broken. But even this catastrophe did not effectually check the furious horses, and they seemed on the point of dragging the shattered vehicle over the precipice into the deep channel of rocks, where the mountain stream is seen rushing and throwing up its spray, as if chafed with rage at its confinement in that ravine. But at this critical moment, Harrison dashed forward at the peril of his own life, seized the reins, and with his strong grasp forced the horses' heads against a large tree which grew on the brink of the ledge. Here he held them fast, till the two persons contained in the carriage were liberated by his friend, when, his strength being exhausted, they burst from him, and plunged down the bank.

The persons thus saved from, as it seemed, certain death, were the Honourable Mr Wise of Philadelphia, and his daughter. The young lady, who had uttered no cry of terror, looked on her father and fainted, when she saw the horses take their fatal plunge over the precipice. He was slightly injured, and so much overcome, that Henry's friend had to support him; therefore none but Henry remained to succour the lady. He raised her up, and, as her head reclined on his arm, he gazed on her face, the loveliest he had ever seen. His dream now flashed upon his mind, and his willing fancy gave it the force of prophecy. "Yes," he mentally murmured; "yes, she is destined to be mine!" He looked again in her face, and his heart affirmed the decree, "She shall be mine!" And that consummation he never doubted, though he could not then anticipate a very speedy union.

The progress of the acquaintance we will pass over. It was not, to the lovers, a hazy period. Mr Wise had held high offices, which conferred the title of Honourable on him, but the soul of honour had never been infused into his bosom. He was ambitious and ostentatious, and had resolved that his daughter should connect herself in marriage with a man whose wealth and family placed him in the first rank of fashion. The gentleman he had

selected was the senior of Ellen by some thirty years or more, which time had not all been passed in improving his mind or morals. In short, though not exactly an infamous man, he had been so long hackneyed in fashionable follies—that delicate phrase to soften the vices of the rich—that he was as heartless as Chesterfield would have made his son, had his principles of politeness been fully acted on. And Mr Kerney, the bridegroom-elect of Ellen, had a head which could have computed, as shrewdly as the noble lord himself, the worldly benefit of those "principles." He had calculated closely the benefits to be derived from an union with Ellen Wise. He supposed her father to be a man of handsome property, though not among the nabobs of wealth. Ellen was an only child; her father had offered to enter into a written agreement that all his estates should descend to Ellen at his decease, thereby cutting off the possibility of a second marriage (he was a widower), or at least the alienation of his property from his daughter. Then, she was lovely; and though Mr Kerney was not in love with her, in the holy sense of the term, yet he felt that she was a prize which it would give him triumph to obtain. Then she was young, and he could mould and govern her as he chose. And so the affair had been settled between the father and the old beau bachelor. But Providence had not sanctioned the treaty.

Mr Wise and his daughter remained about two weeks at New York before proceeding to Philadelphia, and Harrison improved the time to confirm, in the heart of Ellen, the tender impression which his gallant daring had made. And she promised to be his, if her father consented. She had never been apprised of the intended alliance with Mr Kerney, as she was only eighteen, and just out of her boarding-school.

"You had better not communicate the arrangement to Ellen till she is under your roof and control," said Mr Kerney to his intended father-in-law. "The young ladies at school will rally her, and may induce her to dislike me, merely because you approve the match."

Mr Wise acquiesced; and though, during his tour with his daughter, he had thrown out sundry hints about matrimony, and the advantages it conferred on a young lady to become the bride of a rich and fashionable man, yet she had never applied one precept of this worldly wisdom to her own case. And so little did she understand the real character of her father, that she fancied the only objection he would make to the application of Henry for her hand, would be her youth, and the impossibility of parting with his only child. For was not Henry a lawyer, one of her father's own profession? And had not Henry saved the life of her father and of herself? And had not her father wealth sufficient for them both? Henry had told her that he had no fortune but his education and his own energies; and would not he, when he had always been so kind and indulgent, even lavish, in gratifying every want and wish of his daughter, be willing to make a small sacrifice, if it were a sacrifice to him that she should wed a poor man, when he had learned that her happiness, and the happiness of the man who had saved her life, were concerned? Oh, she knew he would consent!

But she was totally mistaken. She knew not the spirit of worldly men. She knew not how every gentle, generous feeling in the human breast may be blasted by selfishness, as the vegetation of the fairest spring may be withered by the scorching simoom of the desert.

Mr Wise was not satisfied with giving a positive and irrevocable refusal to the lover's modest request of permission to hope that he might, if he proved himself worthy, be accepted; but he insulted Henry with bitter sarcasms on the folly of a young *débutant* in a profession which required such a length of time for success, presuming to fall in love with, and raising his pretensions to, a lady of wealth, when he had not a dollar of his own. How the blood of the young man boiled in his veins at these taunts! But, for the daughter's sake, he suppressed his wrath against the father. As Aaron's rod, becoming a serpent, swallowed the other serpent-rod, so the feeling of love, when raised to a passion, frequently absorbs all others; and when it does this, it cannot easily be overcome.

The lovers were separated, but not till they had pledged their troth to each other; and, though Ellen would give Henry no promise to marry him till her father should consent to the union, yet she led him to hope that that consent would be gained. So they parted; and, as he was not in a situation to support a wife, perhaps the trial which her love was about to undergo was not without its secret satisfaction to him. He triumphed in the thought that her affection would be stimulated by these obstacles; his own, he felt, would be unchangeable.

The letters which passed between them during the succeeding half year, were to both a source of intense interest and happiness. He gathered from hers, that, although surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth and blandishments of fashion, she was still his own Ellen, counting one letter of love from his hand more precious, a thousand-fold, than all the gay pleasures of which she was rather a spectator than a participant. And she learned that his business was increasing, his hopes of success brightening, and his heart and purpose animated with the energy which a virtuous love inspires. His noble sentiments and just reasoning opened to her mind a world of new and profound thought; and, in her turn, she imparted, by her pure feelings and brilliant fancies, a light to his path, and that delicate perception of the good and beautiful in nature and character, which refined his tastes, chastened his passions, and exalted his aims to be worthy of the innocent, ingenuous, and lovely being, who was thus resting her hopes of earthly felicity on his truth and honour.

Mr Wise, in the mean time, was managing with his dearest skill to bring about the marriage of his daughter with Mr Kerney. Ellen was resolute in her refusal to admit him as a lover; yet she was so influenced by her desire to promote her father's happiness, that she treated his friend, as she always called Mr Kerney, with becoming respect; and Mr Wise would not believe it possible that she would forego the advantages of wealth and sta-

* It has to be observed, that we here speak of pure rent, as above defined—not of the increase to his returns which the proprietor may obtain by outlay on his property.

† From *The Talent*, an American annual for 1825.

tion which the union with a rich man promised. How he loved the world! It seemed as if its treasures and pleasures were growing dearer to him every day he lived; and he planned to live long, while death was shaking the few last sands from his glass. Mr Wise had been conversing with his intended son-in-law on the subject of the marriage, and, when the latter expressed some doubts that Ellen would not, for a long time, consent to the marriage, the father, suddenly rising, exclaimed, "I assure you, Mr Kerney, that Ellen shall be yours—yes, in one month, if I live, she shall consent to marry you—or —." What he would have added, was never known. Perhaps a malediction against his only child, if she resisted his arbitrary command to sell herself for gold, was rising in his heart. But he was spared the sin of giving expression to his thought. He uttered a groan, fell backward, and immediately expired.

Ellen wept over him in deep and sincere sorrow; and the world soon allowed that she had cause of grief. It was found, on examining the affairs of Mr Wise, that he was a bankrupt to a large amount. The creditors seized every thing—even Ellen's harp was not spared; and Mr Kerney, like a prudent man as he really was in pecuniary matters, fearing he might be appealed to in her behalf, took passage in the first Havre packet, with the avowed intention of passing several years abroad.

"Poor Ellen! What will become of her?" exclaimed Miss Rickett, in a soft, sentimental tone, which she intended should pass for compassion towards the destitute orphan. "Oh, I do so pity her!" The malicious sparkle of her eye told of a different feeling.

"You may spare your sympathy, for Miss Wise needs it not," replied Mrs Alden, with that calm but deep expression, which tells the pretender to kind feelings that her dissimulation is perfectly understood. "The orphan has a true friend."

"Yourself, my dear madam?" inquired the spinster, with an admiring smile.

"She will remain with me a few weeks longer; then she is to be married."

"Married! indeed! Why, Mr Kerney has left the country."

"True; but Miss Wise was never engaged to him, and never would have married such a man. She has happier prospects."

"Some sentimental love affair, I presume," said Miss Rickett, with a sneer. "I think you are the advocate of love marriages."

"I am the advocate of truth in all the relations of life; and, till the marriage-contract sanctions the union of husband and wife for purposes of mere convenience, I shall consider that those who at the altar pledge their love to each other, are guilty of perjury, unless they feel what they profess."

"Pray, who is the favoured swain?"

"A young lawyer of New York."

"Ah, some Yankee speculator, I presume," said Miss Rickett, scornfully. "But I hope Miss Wise will be cautious. This Strephon may enact the second part of the 'Mercenary Lover,' and be off like the old beau."

Mrs Alden gave her a look. How emphatic may be the language of a look! Miss Rickett felt that she was an object of utter contempt to the good matron, and, for once, the silent rebuke was effectual; not another word of slander or satire did she utter. What a poor mean figure detected envy and malice display!

They were married, Henry Harrison and Ellen Wise; and they were happy, for their love was of that deep and tender nature which perfect sympathy of feeling and congeniality of mind and taste inspire. It was exalted too, for it was based on perfect faith in the worth and truth of each other. Yet Henry had not ventured to open all his heart to his young bride. Had he felt himself free to obey the dictates of prudence, he would hardly have dared to indulge his desire for so early a marriage, as his profession had hitherto afforded him but little more income than sufficed for his own support. It was a time, too, of great depression in business, and the prospects of the country were gloomy. But Ellen was destitute of a home and protector, and he could no longer endure the severe calculations of prudence which had forbidden their union. He married; and, after all the expenses attending the event were settled, his lodgings furnished, and his bride seated in her genteel parlour, arranged in a pretty though not expensive style, he found he had barely sufficient cash left to pay the first month's board. True, he had debts due from several clients, but he knew it was very uncertain when he should obtain payment. How could he enter into those vexing details to his young and utterly inexperienced wife?

Mr Wise had always destined his daughter for a rich husband. She was, he well knew, exceedingly beautiful; he had studied to educate her in the manner which would make her natural graces most attractive. Holding in the most sovereign contempt the Bentham philosophy, which inculcates the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," his efforts had only selfish indulgence for their object; and he had trained Ellen in his own luxurious habits and expensive tastes. But the pure diamond will glow in the dark mine as brightly as on the coronet of a king. Ellen had a disposition which prosperity could not corrupt. Her mind was naturally upright, or, as a phrenologist would say, she had large conscientiousness. And this simple integrity of heart had always resisted the blandishments which her father's vanity had drawn around her. Yet she had had no practical experience in lessons of self-denial, and could not, therefore, know the little methods of management and daily sacrifices of taste to necessity, which real poverty imposes. She was aware that Henry had no fortune; yet his profession was, in her estimation, one of the first in the world; and she had never doubted his ability to maintain her according to her station. But those few words, that sad, loving expression in her husband's eye, as he gazed so tenderly on her, told the struggle of his soul. She now felt that she was the wife of a poor man; that, to shield her from suffering, he was sacrificing himself. The whole depth

of that adversity, from which he had rescued her at the peril of his own peace, was, in a moment, unsealed; and that night, during which she scarcely closed her eyes, there was opened before her aroused faculties a new world of thoughts, hopes, and resolutions. The next morning her manner towards her husband evinced more than usual tenderness; and, when he went out, her parting kiss was given with that heart-devoted affection, which to him was a recompense for every care.

As soon as he was gone, Ellen hastened to a shop where she knew fancy work was sold. She could devise no way of earning money except by her needle. Her education, though it had cost more money than it requires to carry half a dozen economical young men through college, had been unsystematical. Her masters had taught her the result of sciences, and the show of accomplishments; but the principles which must be comprehended and made clear to the mind before one is qualified to communicate knowledge to other minds, she had never acquired. She played the harp and piano divinely, but could not have given a lesson on either, or, at least, she dared not attempt it. She could draw and paint beautifully, yet knew not the principles of either art. But in needlework she excelled, and had a natural ingenuity and taste which had often excited the admiration of her companions. And, as melancholy reflections on the waste of precious time and money, which she felt was the result of her superficial mode of education, passed through her mind, she turned with something of exultation to the thought that she had loved needlework, and could execute almost every kind with great skill. "Oh, I will employ every moment—I will earn enough to pay my own board! Dear Henry shall not feel distress on my account!" were her mental exclamations as she entered the shop of Mrs Millet.

These bright dreams were soon dispersed. Mrs Millet wanted no muslin nor fancy work; and, when she did give out work of the kind, the prices she paid were so inadequate to the time required for such nice performances, that Ellen found she could not hope to earn half enough to pay her board. While she lingered, in doubt what next to attempt, a young lady entered, and inquired for daisy buttons and frogs. Mrs Millet had none of the colour wanted.

"I thought you always kept a variety. I can nowhere find any," said the young lady.

"I have had the best assortment in the city," remarked the shopwoman; "but the girl that made them for me is dying with the consumption, and I can find nobody ingenious enough to make the nice kind. Needlework is sadly neglected now-a-days."

The thought struck Ellen, "Here is a chance for me." She asked to look at the buttons.

"Can you make such as those, miss?" asked the woman, thinking, from Ellen's blushing face, that she was a diffident school girl, and from her earnest manner, that perhaps she would try to make them well; "cause, if you can, I will pay you a high price, three sixpences a-dozen."

"Three sixpences! Ellen Wise seeking employment by sixpences!" were the first thoughts that flashed over her mind. But she recovered her calmness in a moment.

"I will try, if you will let me have the materials."

"Oh, certainly; but you must pay for the silk and moulds; you need only take a few skeins of silk, for you may waste it all, and I cannot afford to lose it. I will give you the price I named for good buttons, and four shillings a-dozen for frogs."

Ellen took materials sufficient for an experiment, a few buttons for models, and, after paying for her purchase, found she had only one sixpence in her purse. "Well," thought she, "if the old proverb be correct, that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' I shall succeed. I have need enough to arouse my ingenuity."

And she did succeed "wonderfully," Mrs Millet said, "and would soon earn a fortune." And Ellen felt that she was indeed rich, when in a week from her first essay, she found herself able to earn from six to nine shillings per day. Never, never had she been so rich, so happy. The hours passed away like moments; the days were over before she had time to think of weariness. She only worked while her husband was absent, for she wished to surprise him, at the end of the month, with the sight of her wealth; when his heart was heavy with care, how blessed it would be to find that she had sympathised with him. They had just entered on the third month of their married life, when Ellen commenced her button-making business. The first day of the fourth month the landlady served up, as usual, her bill with the tea equipage. "She made it a principle," she very modestly observed, "never to disturb a boarder with a bill except when his mind was at leisure, which it must be over the tea-table."

Ellen watched her husband's countenance, when, after tea, he opened the paper. As he raised his eyes to hers, she could not forbear smiling. "I am glad you are so happy, my love," said he.

"Are you not happy, Henry?"

"Yes, yes; I shall always be happy while I can make you so. But I have sometimes feared"

"That we should be poor, and then that I should be miserable!"

Henry looked earnestly on his wife. She continued, "I know, my dear husband, that you have suffered deep concern on my account; but never fear. I have engaged a fairy to supply me with all I want. I do not intend, like Cinderella, to tax her for a coach-and-six, as I have no notion of going to a ball to gain the favour of a prince while I can see you at home; nor do I expect garments the 'colour of the sun,' but only the modest kind that pleases you; these she has promised me."

He looked more and more puzzled. At last she rose, and, going to her cabinet, brought forth a little box containing her hoarded treasure, and placed it before him.

"Take it, my dear Henry; I have earned it for you!" And the gnash of joy that thrilled through her heart melted to a flood of those sweet tears which only spring from the very fullness of pleasure.

That evening, as they sat together, she told him every thing; all her feelings, thoughts, plans, and performances. And he confided to her every doubt, fear, and perplexity, that had shadowed his path. "But these are all removed now, dearest," said he. "We now understand each other; we are now one—one in purpose, plan, pursuit. We shall succeed. God will bless those who TRY AND TRUST."

And they did succeed. Henry Harrison is now one of the brightest ornaments of his profession in the great state of New York. He is also one of the most estimable men in private life, rich enough to gratify his refined tastes and benevolent feelings; and his wife is still the cherished object of his affection, his confidant, counselor, and helper.

The same devoted and faithful love that first awakened Ellen's spirit to exertion, has animated her in acquiring the requisite knowledge of all her domestic duties. These she has performed, not as tasks, but as pleasures. And she often alludes to her first experiment in the use of her own faculties to gain an independent support, or rather to prevent herself from being a burden to her husband, as the period when her judgment was really exercised, her mind enlightened to discern the moral relations of woman in her social and domestic character, and her heart strengthened to endure, and refined to enjoy, the lot assigned her. "I have," she remarked to a young friend who was about to be married, "never regretted that I was compelled to resort to button-making. The man you are to marry is rich; but, should any reverse occur, never lament for yourself, but strive to assist him. The effort will make you happy; and there is no grace, no perfection, that will so surely gain the esteem and love of your husband."

DRAMATIC PROVERBS.

THIS amusement, like Bouts Rimés, took its rise, very appropriately, in France. It consists, as its name partly imports, in the illustration of a proverb by a dramatic scene got up extemporaneously by two or more members of a social party. The more forcibly the meaning and spirit of the selected proverb are developed by the language, gestures, and actions, of the parties who take the task upon them, the better is the purpose of it fulfilled, and the greater the consequent entertainment. Of course, no slight amount of wit and readiness of thought is requisite for the successful execution of these *Proverbes Dramatiques*, and ordinary society in Britain is as yet little accustomed to see them done. But in the literary circles of Paris, the exhibition is a common one, and gives great amusement. We have before us an excellent account of one instance in which the acting of proverbs was practised with great success in Dublin. The narrator is Prince Puchler Muskwa, and the chief performers were the well-known Lady Morgan, and her sister Lady C—. We give nearly the whole scene, as we could in no way better describe the general nature of this entertainment:—"The most amusing part of the entertainment," says the German prince, "was the acting of proverbs by Lady M— and her sister Lady C—, who both extemporised admirably. Among others, they performed 'Love me, love my dog.' The manner of doing it is then depicted nearly as follows:—

Persons of the drama:—Lady M—, an old coquette; Lady C—, an Irish fortune-hunter; her eldest daughter, a French waiting-maid; the youngest daughter, a captain of the Guards, a lover of the lady. Scene the first; Lady M—, with her maid at her toilet. Confidential advice of the maid, in which she betrays various laughable secrets of the toilet. Distress of the coquette at the first appearance of wrinkles. Assurances of the Abigail that by candle-light nobody can be handsomer. Former curious love affairs then talked of. "Hush!" cries the maid suddenly, "I hear the captain." This personage, an exquisite, enters with great fuss, carrying a little dog under his arm; and after some tender compliments, tells his mistress that he is obliged to rejoin his regiment, and wishes to leave her his little Fidèle, that she may be kept in mind of the fidelity due to him. Burlesque protestations, sobs, embraces, and farewells follow. But lo! the Irish fortune-hunter steps on the scene after the captain is gone, and, by dint of brass and address, overcomes the feeble resistance of the lady, and gets her consent to sign a marriage-contract, by which her whole fortune is to be transferred to his guidance. Just at this juncture, however, he observes the dog, and, finding out the truth regarding the ownership of it, from the stammering confusion of the lady, thinks it fitting and proper to play the part of the jealous infuriated lover. He insists on the instant expulsion of poor Fidèle, and, having gained over the maid by a dexterously administered purse, throws the dog out of the door, while the waiting-maid holds back the half-reluctant lady. It chanced that the captain had forgotten to leave Fidèle's collar, and, returning with it, is just in time to receive in his arms his poor canine pet, so unceremoniously dismissed. Now follows a mighty blustering between the rivals, who look at each other so cannibally, and talk so big, that the women take to flight. Left alone with his opponent, the captain draws his sword, and compelling the Irishman to make a rather hasty exit by the window, remains master of the field; with which consummation the scene closes. "The skeleton here is meagre," says the prince, "but the spirit, humour, and wit, by which it was filled out, rendered it extremely entertaining. The imperfections of the costume made it only more piquant. The ladies had but put on a coat and waistcoat over

their own dresses, and stuck a hat on their heads. Their swords were riding-whips, and Fidéle a muff." As gentlemen may be performers as well as ladies, though chance ordered it otherwise in this instance, there need exist ordinarily no such imperfections in attire.

First introduced into society, after the fashion here described, dramatised *Proverbs* have since taken a fixed and respectable place in the literature of France. At the present day, M. Theodore Leclercq, a writer of ability, has produced no fewer than eight volumes of them, and these are much spoken of and admired. Alfred de Vigny, one of the cleverest novelists of the day, has also turned his attention to the same line of composition. It must be confessed, however, that to dramatise proverbs on paper, with deliberation and the power of revision, is a task of a very different nature from the extemporisation of them orally. Lady Morgan, who, not to speak of her uncommon talents, had spent much of her time in France, and had doubtless practised the amusement very frequently, might succeed perfectly in delighting a company in the manner described; but the task is too difficult a one ever to be extensively prevalent in ordinary society, unless, indeed, parties give themselves the advantage of considerable preparation.

A FEW WEEKS FROM HOME.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AT OKHAM, EALING, AND HACKNEY-WICK.

My next visits were to several schools in and about London, chiefly those in which industrial occupation has been introduced. The establishment at Norwood, for the rearing and educating of pauper children, I was glad to find, continued to flourish. Within the last twelve months, an infant-school had been added to the other arrangements, and outline elementary drawing, principally with reference to industrial objects, now formed a branch of ordinary study for a number of the more advanced pupils. I was informed by Mr Aubin, the superintendent, that the introduction of simple drawing lessons on slates, besides amusing the children, had very greatly facilitated their progress in writing—a circumstance not at all remarkable, for skill in drawing and writing depends on the cultivation of the same imitative faculty. This was the first time I had seen drawing taught familiarly to poor children, since my visit to the Dutch and Belgian schools in 1838.

The industrial school with which I commenced my round of inquiry was that established a few years ago by Lord Lovelace, at Okham, near Ripley, in Surrey, with a view to the improvement of the juvenile population in that part of the country, and chiefly those on his lordship's estate. Conveyed in the first place along the South Western Railway, a distance of about fifteen miles, and afterwards transported in a chaise a distance of other five miles, across a generally heathy and broken piece of country, we arrived at the scene of this novel experiment in moral cultivation. A more appropriate region for the introduction of the schoolmaster could not well be found in England. The farmers and peasantry in the neighbourhood are in a state of deplorable ignorance, and, as a matter of course, are deeply prejudiced in favour of old usages and a vegetative existence. Their houses, farm-offices, and style of husbandry, are, I should think, scarcely an advance upon what existed in the same part of the country at the time of the Anglo-Saxons. They have no notion of employing any species of improved mechanism in their profession, such as thrashing-mills or fanners. On visiting the establishment of a farmer who had about 150 acres in crop, I found that thrashing is still entirely performed by the flail, and that the chaff is cleansed from the grain by throwing it against the current of air which, in windy weather, blows across the floor of the barn. I venture to say that such a barbarous practice has not been heard of in Scotland for at least half a century. The only existing amusement, or means of recreation in the neighbourhood, is an adjournment to the beer-pot at the nearest public-house.

It is in the midst of this intellectual desert that Lord Lovelace has endeavoured to introduce the means of cultivation. To improve the condition of the more humble class of labourers, as well as to reclaim some of his waste land, his lordship has afforded allotments of an acre, or half acre, to those who are willing to cultivate patches of that extent at their leisure hours, charging a very small annual rent. The field containing these allotments is now, I am glad to say, showing manifest signs of improvement, and its cultivators have in almost every instance benefited by their industry. The rent is not more than twenty shillings for an acre, and from a piece of ground of that dimensions, one man lately realised £25 by his crop. The chief articles cultivated are potatoes and peas. At the time of my visit, the only individual at work was the wife of one of the renters, who had come a couple of miles from home to labour with a hoe on her small potato ground. The principal drawback to a more rapid and effective improvement of the soil than these poor people can accomplish, is the want of manure; for the kind of husbandry by which that article may be largely produced, is not understood or acted upon in this part of the country.

Passing the allotment ground, we shortly arrive at the enclosed field, in which the school establishment is situated. The school-houses and dwellings for the

teachers consist of a series of low buildings, in a style of architecture not the most suitable for such a purpose; and in front of them are a few acres of ground laid out for the use of the pupils. The school, which contains both boys and girls, is in two distinct divisions—one for infants, and the other for advanced pupils; the total number of children in the institution was 160. The fee is 1d. per week for each pupil. This little seminary is the offspring of generous wishes, for which its founder deserves much credit; but, from what I saw of it, I was impressed with the idea that considerably larger expenditure would be required to do full justice to a design upon such a scale. In both departments of the school, I nevertheless found an active and liberal system of instruction, each of the two masters being evidently desirous of promoting the welfare of the establishment. In the school, there was a library of entertaining little works, which I was informed were sought for and read with avidity by the elder boys and girls; and this is clearly so much gained from the great outfield of ignorance in the district. The course of industrial occupation was on a much more limited scale than I had expected. It was, I believe, part of the design to instruct the boys in various handicrafts, but nothing of the kind has yet been attempted. The only employment is gardening, which is pursued at certain hours by a number of the boys. Each is allowed the sixteenth of an acre at a rent of one shilling, and the produce, whatever it may be, is entirely their own. Several boys were busily engaged in delving their small patches, and the crops of potatoes and peas, which were showing themselves above ground, were in some cases tolerably abundant. I was informed by the superintendent, that in general the gardening was pursued with little animation, as the boys have no means of providing manure to fertilise the soil, and as there was no population in the neighbourhood to purchase the produce. Upon the whole, the Okham School, though doing some good, cannot be said to be in a very flourishing condition.

My visit to the industrial school of Lady Byron at Ealing, was much more satisfactory. Ealing is a village in Middlesex, situated some five or six miles west from Paddington, and may be reached from that outskirts of the metropolis in about fifteen minutes by the Great Western Railway. It is a neat, genteel-looking place, with a few hundreds of inhabitants, and various circumstances indicate a different condition of things from that which prevails at Okham. The school establishment here, which was begun and patronised by Lady Byron about five years ago, and served in some measure as a model to that of her son-in-law, Lord Lovelace, possesses nothing attractive in its exterior. It is situated in a retired part of the village, and originally consisted of a barn and stable, which have been plainly altered and rendered suitable as a school and boarding-house. At the time of my visit, the school consisted of ninety pupils, all boys, whose ages averaged from nine to twelve or thirteen; a number were boarders from London, being committed by their parents to the charge of Mr Atley, the master, for the purpose of initiation in industrial occupation, as well as ordinary branches of learning. The fee for day scholars is 2d. per week. It happened to be a holiday when I entered the large enclosure, but, notwithstanding this circumstance, I found a number of the pupils busy in their gardens, and the master assured me that, with few exceptions, the boys are happy to devote all their play hours to labour. Escaping from the school-room, they hasten to the tool-house for their spades, and are more delighted in keeping their small patches of ground in good order, than most boys are in pelting frogs, laying waste a parterre of flowers, or following out any other anciently established routine of destruction.

According to the rules of the establishment, the land is let in patches of five and ten rods, for which rent must be regularly paid. Ten rods are let for 3d. per month, and five rods for 1½d. There are at present forty tenants, the greater part of whom possess only five rods, that being a sufficiently large stripe for the management of any single boy who has not acquired considerable confidence and experience. The crops universally grown are the same as those at Okham—peas and potatoes—but there are likewise a few other things, and some of the gardens are prettily embellished with flowers. The boys help each other in their labours, which must promote much good feeling amongst them, and train the mind to social intercourse. I was delighted to learn that these out-door labours, conducted, of course, under the eye of the master, have a moral tendency. No boy is ever known to steal anything from another, and no one injures his neighbour's property. The dignifying and improving power of labour was probably never so practically manifested as in this interesting juvenile community. Some of the more skilled pupils reap solid and immediate benefits from their industry. Gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with the best motives, purchase vegetables from them at their fair market value; and there being thus an outlet for the produce, no pains are spared to raise the most abundant crops. One boy, I was told, realised £2.8s. of profit last year by his crop, and another £2.4s.

Besides gardening, the boys are taught carpentry, and to use their hands in any other occupation that falls in their way. I was shown an outhouse which they had built with brick and mortar, and finished in every respect except slating. This edifice

was designed as the carpenter's shop, and was shortly to come into use. The country air and exercise to which the pupils are exposed, the happiness they enjoy in their rural labours, and a mild routine of instruction in school, unite in keeping them in good health and invigorating their moral and intellectual faculties. The schoolmaster spoke also approvingly of their advancement in simple religious knowledge, as far as he was able to communicate it, and lamented that the clergyman of the district, though humbly requested to give his countenance and advice in this branch of education, had pointedly refused to do so, alleging as a reason, that the institution was not in connexion with the national schools. This statement only corroborated what I heard every where else, that the only persons who either looked with disdain on the efforts of the schoolmaster, or assumed a hostile attitude towards them, were the clergymen in the neighbourhood. I mention the circumstance with much sorrow, and hope for better times.

The establishment of the "Children's Friend Society" at Hackney-Wick, in the eastern environs of the metropolis, is very different in many respects from either of the preceding institutions, but is equally entitled to rank as a school of industry, and may appropriately enough be described in the present paper. It is almost needless to mention a fact with which most persons are acquainted, that London and its densely populated suburbs abound in poor and friendless children, who are either wholly abandoned by their parents to the parish authorities, or are left to pick up the means of a precarious existence by begging or pilfering. The streets of all our large towns exhibit a continually flourishing crop of this class of juvenile paupers—little ragged wretches whom nobody seems to heed, but who in reality constitute the material for the supply of courts of justice, and furnish steady employment to an extensive corps of judges, lawyers, jailers, and governors of penal colonies. Ten years ago, the idea of checking, or at least modifying, the growth of juvenile vagrancy in the metropolis, and so if possible preventing subsequent crime and punishment, occurred to a few benevolent-minded individuals, and they forthwith organised the plan of the Children's Friend Society, which has been liberally supported by voluntary subscriptions from philanthropists of every class and party. The institution possesses two asylums—one at Hackney-Wick for boys, and another at Chiswick for girls. It was the former of these which I now went to see.

The establishment, which is situated near the suburb of Hackney, among green fields and gardens, consists of a cluster of humble edifices enclosed from the public thoroughfare, with a large play-ground in the centre, and ten acres of garden and field behind. The buildings include a house for the family of the superintendent, a school-room, a sleeping apartment, in which is a long row of beds in the form of hammocks, a mess-room, and several workshops and tool-houses. The children, 90 in number, are dressed in a plain manner with blue linen blouses, and, to appearance, seemed a happy heartful collection of boys, mostly under twelve years of age. In answer to inquiries respecting the cause of their being inmates of the asylum, I learned that some were orphans or utterly destitute children picked up from the streets, others were boarded at the expense of parishes, while several were of that class of juveniles usually denominated "bad boys," and whose parents sent them to this place, with the hope of removing them from the society of vicious companions, and of having them methodically trained under the moral discipline of the asylum. The fee charged for board and education is 4s. 6d. per week. If the excellent rules for management be consistently and regularly acted upon, there can be no question as to the beneficial results. The system appeared to me to embrace much useful, healthy, and profitable industry, with correct moral nurture, as well as a fair share of ordinary school instruction. One of the most important features in the arrangement is the variety of industrial occupation, suitable to different capacities and tastes. There are a small printing-office with a press and types, a carpenter's shop with a bench and tools, a blacksmith's shed with an anvil, hammer, and bellows, and also shoemaking and tailoring departments, in which all the shoes and clothes are made and mended. Each workshop is under the charge of an aged artisan who acts as instructor in his craft. The printing-office is a neat little room, under the management of an old compositor; and here the boys print all the Reports for the institution, school tracts, and other papers. The out-of-door labour in the garden and field is conducted daily at fixed hours, except when the weather renders it unsuitable. Some of the small patches, cultivated by individual boys, did not appear to differ materially from what I had seen at Ealing. Along the margin of a rivulet which winds its way through the premises, the young cultivators are taught to rear and manage a stock of water-cresses.

The regular duties of the day commence as early as six o'clock; and after a certain period for school and breakfast, the boys form divisions under monitors, receive their tools from the tool-house, with instructions from the master, and proceed in an orderly manner to their different appointments; the printers to their office; the carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and tailors, to their shops, and the agriculturists to the field or gardens. At noon, the various divisions assemble, form a line, and proceed to the tool-house.

where each boy deposits his spade, &c., in its place; a general monitor being responsible for all the instruments of labour being kept clean and in their proper places. The boys then wash themselves, are inspected by the master, instructed for a short time in gymnastic exercises, and afterwards go to dinner. For about an hour after dinner, they may amuse themselves in the play-ground, or in reading books from a small library kept for their use. At two o'clock, all again proceed to labour in the gardens or at their other employments, and afterwards receive lessons in school. Such is something like the routine of daily occupation. On Saturdays there is a general examination, and every child is washed in a tepid bath. During fine weather in summer, all are taught to swim in a neighbouring canal, under the eye of the master.

From this general outline of the scope and management of the institution, it will appear that the main object of its projectors and supporters has been the substitution of useful and profitable habits of industry for those of utter idleness and crime. It would only be a waste of time to enlarge upon the advantages which must follow from removing that host of young and wretched beings with which the streets of the metropolis are frequented, to an establishment like this, where, by a well-considered system of religious and moral discipline, they may be prepared for acting an honourable and useful part in society. That the Children's Friend Society has accomplished this desirable object, as far as its means would allow, I have no manner of doubt. The only serious obstacle it has had to encounter, has been the proper disposal of the children, after they have been fitted for an honest and active course of life. The practice has been to send them, with their own consent, and the consent of their parents, if these can be found, to the Cape of Good Hope, where, under the friendly care of a local committee, they have been bound apprentices to farmers, or others requiring their labours, and who become responsible for their correct and humane treatment. An attempt was some time ago made to fix upon the society the charge of harnessing for thus expatriating the inmates of the asylum, and no small clamour was raised on the subject by some of the London newspapers. I believe that those accusations were both groundless and uncharitable. The society can evidently have no motive for preferring a location of the children in one or other of the colonies, to settling them at home, and I have no doubt that its directors would be exceedingly glad to be informed how or where they can comfortably and inexpensively dispose of them within the bounds of Britain. It is clear, however, that there is no prospect of attaining this useful piece of information; those who take upon themselves the easy negative duty of finding fault, being seldom inclined to give services of an active or positive quality. I sincerely wish that the Children's Friend Society may continue to be supported as it deserves; and that by an act of the legislature, both it and similar institutions may be enabled to extend their usefulness at home and in those colonial possessions which offer such boundless scope for human industry.

SHIPWRECK OF THE BRIG POLLY.

THE brig Polly, of one hundred and thirty tons burden, sailed from Boston, with a cargo of lumber and provisions, on a voyage to Santa Croix, on the 12th of December 1811, under the command of Captain W. L. Canseau, with a mate, four seamen, and a cook; Mr I. S. Hunt, and a negro girl of nine years of age, passengers. Nothing material happened until the 15th, when a violent gale came on from the south-east. The brig laboured very hard, which produced a leak, that so gained on the pumps as to sound nearly six feet; when about midnight the ship was thrown on her beam-ends, and Mr Hunt washed overboard. Not having any reason to hope for her righting, by much exertion the weather lanyards were cut away, the deck load having been before thrown over, and the lashings all gone; in about half an hour the mainmast went by the board, and soon after the foremast, when she righted, though full of water, a dreadful sea making a fair breach over her from stem to stern. In this situation the night wore away, and daylight found all alive except the male passenger; and upon close search the little girl was found clinging to the skylight of the cabin. The glass and grating of the skylight having gone away while the ship was on her beam ends, the little girl was drawn through the opening, but so much chilled that she survived only a few hours. Without fire, and exposed to all the violence of the weather, the crew remained about twelve days, when the cook, an Indian from Canton, near Boston, suggested the operation of rubbing two sticks together, which succeeded. Very fortunately, the cambase did not go overboard with the deck load; this was got to windward, a fire kindled, and some provisions cooked, which, except raw pork, were the first they had yet tasted. They now got up a barrel of pork, part of a barrel of beef, and one half-barrel of beef. A small pig had been saved alive, which they now dressed, not having any thing to feed it with. But at this time no apprehension was entertained of suffering for want of food, there being understood to be several barrels of meat stowed in the run, and upwards of one hundred under deck. Under this impression, the people used the provisions very imprudently, till they discovered that the stern post was gone; and the gale continuing for a

long time, the barrels stove, and their contents were all lost for ever.

There happened to be a cask of water lashed on the quarter deck, which was saved, containing about thirty gallons—all the rest was lost. This lasted about eighteen days, when the crew were reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon what rain-water they could catch. At the end of forty days the provisions were exhausted, and absolute famine stared them in the face. The first victim was Mr Paddock, the mate, whose exquisite distress seemed to redouble the sufferings of his companions. He was a man of a robust constitution, who had spent his life in the bank-fishing, had suffered many hardships, and appeared the most capable of enduring privations and fatigue of any of the crew. In the meridian of life, being about thirty-five years old, it was reasonable to suppose that he would have been the last to have fallen a sacrifice to cold and hunger; but it was ordered otherwise; he became delirious, and death relieved him from his sufferings the fiftieth day of the shipwreck. During all this time the violence of the storm continued, and having nothing to screen them except a temporary kind of cabin, which they had built up of boards on the larboard side of the fore-castle, they were kept almost continually drenched with sea-water. The next who fell a victim to these awful disasters was Howes, an active young man, who likewise died delirious, and in dreadful agony, six days after Paddock, being the fifty-sixth day of the wreck. It was soon perceived that this must shortly be the fate of all the survivors, if water was not procured. About this time, they were enabled to fish up the tea-kettle and one of the captain's pistols; and necessity suggested a plan of distillation. A piece of board was very nicely fitted to the mouth of the boiler, a small hole made in it, and the tea-kettle, bottom upwards, fixed to the upper side of the board; the pistol barrel was then fixed to the nose of the kettle, and kept cool by the constant application of cold water. This plan succeeded, and the survivors, without a doubt, owed their preservation to this simple expedient. But all the water that could be obtained by this very imperfect distillation, was an allowance for five men, barely sufficient to sustain life. The impression that there was meat enough under the deck, induced them to use every exertion to obtain it; but nothing could be got up except putrid pieces of bone, entirely divested of flesh. Their only sustenance now was barnacles gathered from the sides of the vessel, which were ate raw, that the distilling might not be interrupted. The next food which they obtained was a large shark, caught by means of a running bow-line. This was a very great relief, and produced a second advantage; for, while they lived upon the shark, the barnacles were growing larger and more nutritive. They likewise found many small crabs among the sea-weed floating around the wreck, and which were very pleasant food. But, from the necessity of chewing them raw, and sucking out the nourishment, they brought on an obstinate constiveness, which became extremely painful, and was probably much exasperated by the want of water.

On the 15th of March, according to their computation, poor Moho, the cook, expired, evidently from want of water, though with much less distress than the others, and in the full exercise of his reason; he very devoutly prayed, and appeared perfectly resigned. The constant study of the commander of the crew was now directed to the improvement of their still, which was made much better by the addition of another pistol barrel, which was afterwards found. With this barrel they so far perfected the still, as to obtain eight junk bottles full of water in twenty-four hours. But from the death of Moho till the death of Johnson, which happened about the middle of April, they seemed to be denied every kind of food. The barnacles were all gone, and no friendly gale wafted to their side the sea-weed, from which they could obtain crabs or insects. It seemed as if all hope was gone for ever, and they had nothing before them but death, or the horrid alternative of eating the flesh of their dead companion. One expedient was left, which was to try to decoy a shark, if haply there might be one about the wreck, by part of the corpse of their shipmate! This last resource succeeded—they caught a large shark, and from that time had many fish, till their happy deliverance. Very fortunately, a cask of nails, which was on deck, lodged in the lee-scuppers while on their beam ends; with these they were enabled to fasten the shingles on their cabin, which, by constant improvement, had become much more commodious.

They had now drifted above two thousand miles, and were in latitude 25 degrees north, and longitude 13 degrees west, when, to their unspeakable joy, they saw three ships bearing down upon them. One of the ships hailed, which Captain Canseau answered as well as his remaining strength would allow. The ship which hailed proved to be the Fame of Hull, Captain Featherstone, bound from Rio Janeiro home. It so happened that the three captains had dined together that day, and were all on board the Fame. These persons immediately sent a boat, which put an end to the dreadful thraldom of Captain Canseau and Samuel Badger, the only surviving persons, who were received by these humane Englishmen with the greatest kindness. In this manner were these two miserable beings rescued from their perilous situation, after a series of distresses from December 15th till the 20th of June, a period of one hundred and ninety-one days! Every

attention was paid to the sufferers that pity and fellow-feeling could dictate, on board the Fame. They were comforted, fed, and clothed, until the 9th of July, when they fell in with Captain Perkins of the brig Dromo, in the English channel, who generously perfected the work of goodness begun by the English captains, and safely carried this miserable remnant of the Polly's crew to their native land.

It is natural to inquire how they could float for so long a period upon the most frequented part of the Atlantic, without meeting a friendly sail to succour them! We blush to acknowledge that they were passed by more than a dozen ships, one of which came so nigh the poor mariners that they could distinctly see the people on deck and on the rigging looking at them; but, to the inexpressible disappointment of the helpless and miserable men, they stifled the dictates of compassion, hoisted sail, and cruelly abandoned them to their fate.—From a collection of pieces.

HINTS ON THE PREPARATION OF COFFEE.

THE increase in the consumption of coffee that has taken place of late years, connected as it is with the temperance movement, gives considerable interest to this inquiry, which, in a chemical point of view, is also highly deserving of attention.

The art of preparing coffee for the table consists of three stages—roasting, grinding, and boiling; and these we shall treat individually.

The mode in which coffee is roasted, unimportant as it may appear, is of the greatest consequence as regards both the economical production and the flavour of the beverage. Common Jamaica coffee, which has been prepared in a proper manner, affords a decoction of greater strength and richer taste than the finest Mocha, where the roasting has been injudiciously conducted. These results will scarcely excite surprise when the explanation is pointed out. The qualities by which coffee is familiarly known as a beverage, are solely attributable to the effects of roasting; when the raw berry is boiled, the liquid obtained has neither aroma nor exhilarating influence. These properties are ascribable to a chemical change that takes place in this substance when exposed to the action of heat. Hence it is obvious that the value of coffee must essentially depend on the due regulation of the heat, to which its qualities as an article of diet entirely owe their existence.

The rules to be observed in coffee roasting, though calculated to be a source of great saving to the consumer, may be easily practised, and are referable to a few plain principles. The following are the objects of these rules:—

1. To roast the coffee moderately by the action of a gentle and uniform heat.
2. As far as practicable, to roast all the particles of the berry equally, and to heat the interior as well as the exterior portions of the kernels.
3. To prevent, as far as possible, the escape of the volatile aroma, which is liable to be dispersed by a high temperature. These objects are attained by means of the following directions, namely:—1. An equable heat is secured by using as a roaster a slowly conducting substance; 2. A more uniform roasting, by subdividing the berries; and, 3. Preservation of the aroma, by roasting in a partially closed vessel.

The first step in preparing coffee is to disperse by evaporation the water it contains. This is effected by placing it in a large iron pan over a very gentle fire, and keeping it stirring until it becomes of a yellow colour. This process is generally performed in a partially closed vessel, which prevents the free escape of the steam. But this is an erroneous practice, as it causes the coffee to be scalded, or partly boiled in its own steam, which is believed to be very injurious.

The next step is to pound the coffee into coarse fragments, not too fine, each berry being broken into about four or five pieces. There cannot be a doubt that coffee which has been thus subdivided, will be more rapidly and more perfectly prepared than when it is roasted whole. But consumers, generally speaking, will not take this trouble, but transfer the coffee at once from the drying-pan to the roasting machine, though it must be obvious that, if the inner portions of the berries are not perfectly roasted, there will be a considerable waste of the material.

The next stage is that of roasting, which must be conducted in a very different manner. Instead of an open pan, giving a free escape to the evaporation, a vessel must be used as nearly closed as it may be without entirely confining the volatile products. During the process of drying, nothing but watery vapour and a useless acid is given out, both of which it is desirable to dissipate; during roasting, on the other hand, the fine aroma of the coffee begins to be given out, and it is essential to prevent its dispersion as far as is consistent with the escape of other vapours.

The heat to which the coffee is exposed, should be gentle and uniform. With this view, Dr Donovan recommends that the roaster should be made of some substance which conducts heat slowly, and which therefore serves to moderate and intercept the sudden variations of temperature which occur in the fire by which it is heated. On this ground, glass is found to answer well, while the common iron roaster is less efficient, from being a good conductor. But an apparatus is described by Dr Donovan, which unites the slow conducting powers of glass with the durability

of metal, and is very simple in its structure. It consists of two iron cylinders, one within the other, with the space of about half an inch between them. The air which occupies this space—air being a very bad conductor of heat—gives to this roaster the properties of a non-conductor, and protects the coffee, which is placed in the inner cylinder, from abrupt changes of heat.

The roaster is hung on an axis in a frame with a close cover, and a winch to turn it horizontally over the fire. The inner cylinder should never be filled more than one-third, as the coffee swells very much by heat.

The next point to determine is when the coffee has been sufficiently roasted. On this subject, it seems that the best test is the loss of weight. If it be found to weigh one-fifth less than it did before it was put into the roasting-pan, it may be considered to be well prepared. Change of colour to a bright chocolate is sometimes adopted as a proof of complete roasting, but it is not to be relied upon. The retailers are in the habit of roasting their coffee too little, because by the loss of weight their profit is diminished; hence the consumer is a loser in two ways; he has to pay a higher price from the heaviness of the article, and the coffee being imperfectly roasted, he must use more of it to obtain a decoction of the proper strength. This shows the importance of preparing coffee *at home* to those who would use it with economy. Moreover, it is to be observed, that roasted coffee is much injured by keeping even for a short time; it is better, therefore, to roast it only in small quantities as it is wanted for use.

The next stage is that of grinding. The coffee should be ground immediately before it is used: the common practice of keeping it ready ground is a wasteful one. If exposed to the air, much of its aroma is dispersed, and even if kept in close vessels, it seems that it is apt to undergo internal decomposition: the popular idea that it remains uninjured if kept in a closely corked bottle, is therefore a fallacy.

The coffee should be ground as fine as possible, as thereby its essential properties are more easily extracted by boiling: the importance of shortening the time of boiling will appear more clearly from what follows.

Coffee, when roasted, contains two substances—one highly volatile, which gives to it its peculiar aromatic flavour, and a pungent and exhilarating principle of a more fixed nature. This makes the process of boiling a matter of some nicety. If the coffee be boiled too long, the volatile aroma is dispersed; if boiled only for a short time, the pungent or stimulating property is only partially extracted. A medium must therefore be adopted, and the coffee must be acted upon for a sufficient period to extract a reasonable portion of the latter, without a serious waste of the former quality. It is for this reason that grinding the coffee fine acts beneficially, as the fixed stimulating property may in that case be extracted with less boiling, and may therefore be united in a higher degree with the aroma. If the berries are reduced to a very fine powder, a very trifling boiling will extract all their virtues.

The clearing of coffee is as carefully attended to by consumers as proper boiling; indeed, the "percolator" which is in common use may be said in a great measure to sacrifice the latter object to the former. This instrument, which was invented by Count Rumford, is nothing else than a strainer, or filter, on which the coffee is placed; boiling water is poured upon it, and filtered through the coffee and the strainer. The liquid thus obtained is cleared indeed; but as the coffee has not been boiled, but merely subjected to infusion, only a portion of its strength is extracted, and before the filtering is complete, the beverage has become cooled. These objections have led to artificial methods of clearing, such as the addition of fish-skin, isinglass, &c. Latterly, there have been several mechanical inventions for preparing coffee speedily for the table—among others we may mention "Platow's Patent Automaton Coffee Urn," and the "Pneumatic Coffee-pot;" but of the actual value of these we are unable to pronounce any opinion. It must always be recollected that extreme speed may be procured at a sacrifice of flavour, and this must be carefully guarded against. The liquid extract of coffee evidently requires a certain length of time to mellow before it be fit for use in an agreeable form.

From the foregoing explanations, it will appear that the art of preparing coffee for the breakfast-table is not to be understood without some attention. But, on the other hand, the degree of attention required is so trifling, that it would assuredly be well bestowed, especially considering the interesting nature of the subject. Far more toil and time are daily given to other culinary processes which probably merit them less, and much more trouble is spent, both by the higher and lower classes, on mere trifles, which contribute less both to their enjoyment and recreation than studies of this nature; whilst on the processes of the distiller—pernicious as they are for the most part in their results to the best interests of society—capital and scientific skill have been profusely employed. The subject of these remarks can scarcely be considered as less deserving of investigation; regard being paid to the ends to which it may be rendered subservient, the coffee berry is no ignoble topic of investigation. Ministering as it does to the luxuries of the rich, it seems destined to fulfil the higher office of contributing to

the reformation of the poor, by presenting to them a beverage, which, though free from intoxicating qualities, enables them more readily to dispense with ardent spirits. The more palatable and inviting this beverage is rendered, the more efficient will it prove as an auxiliary in the great cause of moral reformation. With these views, it may be remarked that the preceding processes do not appear to be either too abstruse for the understanding, or too costly for the means, even of the very humblest classes. No two things can differ more widely from each other than coffee as it is usually drunk by the poor, and the same substance prepared with care and good sense.

But there is another advantage, and that by no means a trifling one, which would result could the "good wives" of our labouring classes be induced to give a little of their time to acquiring skill in coffee-making. Not only would their husbands drink a better beverage, but they would drink it *at home*. The liquid which is served out to the labouring classes in the common coffee-shops in the metropolis, is a coarse and repulsive draught, extracted from bad coffee still worse prepared—deprived of all the aroma it ever possessed by protracted boiling upon a large scale, and probably rendered extremely unwholesome by the excess of the bitter principle. Were our housewives to learn to prepare a more palatable and healthy beverage by their own firesides, they would be abundantly repaid. They would add another link to the chain which binds men to their homes; they would materially diminish the temptations to intemperance to which their partners are exposed; and would thereby render no trivial service to their husbands, their children, and themselves.

TERROR OF PUBLIC OPINION.

EVERY traveller who returns from the United States of America expresses his astonishment at the remarkable *tyranny of public opinion*, which by universal consent prevails in that country. No one, it appears, dares to take a decided stand against popular sentiment, no matter how absurd or false it may chance to be; so that, while no nation on the face of the earth is so *civily free*, none is so *socially enslaved*. Orville Dewey, in an excellent work, entitled "Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics" (New York, 1838), exposes and denounces this peculiarity in the social condition of his countrymen, in the following well-set terms:—

"The greatest of all dangers here, as I conceive, is that of general pusillanimity, of moral cowardice, of losing a proper and manly independence of character. I think that I see something of this in our very manners, in the hesitation, the indirectness, the cautious and circuitous modes of speech, the eye asking assent before the tongue can finish its sentence. I think that in other countries you often meet with men who stand manfully and boldly up, and deliver their opinion without asking or caring what you or others think about it. It may, sometimes, be rough and harsh; but, at any rate, it is independent. Observe, too, in how many relations, political, religious, and social, a man is liable to find bondage instead of freedom. If he wants office, he must attach himself to a party, and then his eyes must be sealed in blindness, and his lips in silence, towards all the faults of his party. He may have his eyes open, and he may see much to condemn, but he must say nothing. If he edits a newspaper, his choice is often between bondage and beggary. That may actually be the choice, though he does not know it. He may be so complete a slave that he does not feel the chain. His passions may be so enlisted in the cause of his party, as to blind his discrimination and destroy all comprehension and capability of independence. So it may be with the religious partisan. He knows, perhaps, that there are errors in his adopted creed, faults in his sect, fanaticism and extravagance in some of its measures. See if you get him to speak of them. See if you can get him to breathe a whisper of doubt. No; he is always believing. He has a convenient phrase that covers up all difficulties in his creed. He believes it 'for substance of doctrine.' Or, if he is a layman, perhaps he does not believe it at all. What, then, is his conclusion? Why, he has friends who do believe it; and he does not wish to offend them. And so he goes on, listening to what he does not believe; outwardly acquiescing, inwardly remonstrating; the slave of fear or fashion, never daring, not once in his life daring, to speak out openly the thought that is in him. Nay, he sees men suffering under the weight of public reprobation for the open espousal of the very opinions he holds, and he has never the generosity or manliness to say, 'I think so too.' Nay, more; by the course he pursues he is made to cast his stone—or he holds it in his hand at least, and lets another arm apply the force necessary to cast it—at the very men who are suffering a sort of martyrdom for his own faith!

I am not now advocating any particular opinions. I am only advocating a manly freedom in the expression of those opinions which a man does entertain. And if these opinions are unpopular, I hold that in this country there is so much the more need of an open and independent expression of them. Look at the case most seriously, I beseech you. What is ever to correct the faults of society, if no one lifts his voice against them—if every one goes on openly doing what every one privately complains of—if all shrink behind the faint-hearted apology, that it would be ever-bald

in them to attempt any reform! What is to rebuke political time-serving, religious fanaticism, or social folly, if no one has the independence to protest against them! Look at it in a larger view. What barrier is there against the universal despotism of public opinion in this country, but individual freedom! Who is to stand up against it here but the possessor of that lofty independence! There is no king, no sultan, no noble, no privileged class; nobody else to stand against it. If you yield this point, if you are for ever making compromises, if all men do this, if the entire policy of private life here is to escape opposition and reproach, every thing will be swept beneath the popular wave. There will be no individuality, no hardihood, no high and stern resolve, no self-subsistence, no fearless dignity, no glorious manhood of mind, left among us. The holy heritage of our fathers' virtues will be trodden under foot by their unworthy children. They feared not to stand up against kings and nobles, and parliament and people. Better did they account it, that their lonely bark should sweep the wide sea in freedom—happier were they when their sail swelled to the storm of winter—than to be slaves in palaces of ease. Sweeter to their ear was the music of the gale that shrieked in their broken cordage, than the voice at home that said, 'Submit, and you shall have rest.' And, when they reached this wild shore, and built their altar, and knelt upon the frozen snow and the flinty rock to worship, they built that altar to freedom, to individual freedom, to freedom of conscience and opinion; and their noble prayer was, that their children might be thus free. Let their sons remember the prayer of their extremity, and the great bequest which their magnanimity has left us. Let them beware how they become entangled again in the yoke of bondage. Let the ministers at God's altar, let the guardians of the press, let all sober and thinking men, speak the thought that is in them. It is better to speak honest error than to suppress conscious truth. Smothered error is more dangerous than that which flames and burns out. But do I speak of danger! I know of but one thing safe in the universe, and that is truth. And I know of but one way to truth for an individual mind, and that is unfettered thought. And I know but one path for the multitude to truth, and that is thought, freely expressed. Make of truth itself an altar of slavery, and guard it about with a mysterious shrine—bind thought as a victim upon it, and let the passions of the prejudiced multitude minister fuel—and you sacrifice upon that accursed altar the hopes of the world!"

It would be a matter of curious inquiry how far the foregoing observations applied to the state of society in this country.

AN OBSCURE MAN OF GENIUS.

WE believe there are few country towns in Scotland in which may not be found individuals pursuing a humble profession, but possessing abilities of the first order, skilful in some intricate art, and yet whose reputation can scarcely be said to be known ten miles distant from their home. We have happened to know several of these "geniuses," as they are ordinarily termed—one had an extraordinary knack at making and mending locks, another made fire-arms of first-rate quality, a third was good at cuckoo clocks, a fourth was an extraordinary adept at cork-screws, and so on with several others. We find a notice of a self-taught genius of this stamp in the Falkirk Magazine, a periodical of considerable merit (1827), conducted by a young man of ability, Mr Robert Keir—himself an example of modest merit, but who was prematurely removed from this earthly scene.

"John Gibson, as this man of genius was named, was a native of Jedburgh. At an early age he was bound apprentice to a clock and watch maker of that place. After the expiry of his watchmaking, he came to Kelso and began business for himself. Being in a delicate state of health, he resided for some time in the neighbourhood of the town for the benefit of free air, and soon began to be known as a singular character. Many ignorant and superstitious people were persuaded that he was possessed of the second sight. He was therefore frequently consulted as an oracle about future destinies, and also about stolen goods. His responses in general gave great satisfaction. He predicted for the most part with accuracy, and concealed pilfered articles were often recovered by his sagacity. In a short time, however, the superiority of his genius was known and admired by many intelligent gentlemen. He now took up his residence in Kelso, where he made many clocks upon improved principles, which are now regarded as mechanical curiosities. Optics had long been his favourite study. He now commenced optician, and constructed reflecting telescopes, which he sold at from two to five guineas. He also constructed achromatic prospects on the plan of Mr Dolland, and in a short time surpassed the great inventor. He made one of these prospects, mounted in the most beautiful style, for Sir John Peter, then envoy at the court of St Petersburg. The magnifying power was 150, and the diameter of the object glass was six inches. The instrument, with all its apparatus, cost 100 guineas. When Sir John returned to Russia, he presented it to the Empress Catherine, who was so charmed with it, that she sent Mr Gibson an urgent invitation to come to St Petersburg, with a promise of patronage. The delicate state of his health obliged him to decline her generous

offer. Mr Gibson next exercised his ingenuity by making a prospect of the same size and price for the Duke of Roxburgh, through which, in a clear day, a sparrow could be seen on the roof of Berwick steeple, at a distance of twenty-four miles.

Mr Gibson made the Irish pipes upon an improved plan, on which he played with exquisite skill and taste. His tone and execution were reckoned no way inferior to those of the most celebrated pipers. He was a self-taught musician, played upon a great variety of instruments, and never received a lesson from a master. Mr Short's reflecting telescope, in the observatory, Calton Hill, Edinburgh, had been rendered useless, owing to a spot of rust upon the larger speculum. No optician in the metropolis would undertake to remove it. A gentleman from Kelso recommended Mr Gibson, who successfully removed the rusty spot, and at the same time greatly improved the instrument, for which he received a remuneration of fifty guineas.

Mr Gibson, some years before his death, visited London, and received a very kind reception from Mr Dolland, who humorously told him that 'his ears had been stunned for some time past with the fame of a wild fellow about the Cheviot Hills, who excelled all the opticians in London in making achromatic prospects, and that he (Mr Dolland) was glad to see the artist.'

As a mechanic, in the execution of any piece of work, Mr Gibson was unrivalled. He melted and refined the glass for his own purposes. In reasoning upon optical and astronomical topics, few were a match for him. In his actions he was sharp, in his conceptions quick. He possessed a most retentive memory, understood every subject at first sight, and made such progress in the Latin language by his own application alone, that he could translate with ease Lewenhoeck's 'Arcana Naturæ,' an author of whom he was extremely fond. This ingenious man died in September 1795.

LAURA BRIDGMAN—A DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND GIRL.

In a lately published Report of the Massachusetts Institution for the Blind, there appear some interesting details respecting a pupil, named Laura Bridgman, who was placed in the establishment a few years since, in the deplorable condition of being blind, deaf, and dumb. She had been in this state of deprivation ever since she was little more than a year old, and therefore possessed no knowledge whatever except what it had been possible to communicate through the senses of feeling and taste. Being introduced to the school of the institution, a methodic plan of instruction was commenced by means of the tangible alphabet for the blind, which led to the most agreeable and surprising results. The extent of her intellectual and moral advancement will be learned from the following extract from the Report:—

"The intellectual improvement of this interesting being, and the progress she has made in expressing her ideas, are truly gratifying. She uses the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes with great facility and great rapidity; she has increased her vocabulary so as to comprehend the names of all common objects; she uses adjectives expressive of positive qualities, such as *hard, soft, sweet, sour, &c.*; verbs expressive of action, as *give, take, ride, run, &c.*, in the present, past, and future tense; she connects adjectives with nouns to express their qualities; she introduces verbs into sentences, and connects them by conjunctions; for instance, a gentleman having given her an apple, she said, *Man give Laura sweet apple.*

She can count to high numbers; she can add and subtract small numbers.

But the most gratifying acquirement which she has made, and the one which has given her the most delight, is the power of writing a legible hand, and expressing her thoughts upon paper; she writes with a pencil in a grooved line, and makes her letters clear and distinct.

She was sadly puzzled at first to know the meaning of the process to which she was subjected; but, when the idea dawned upon her mind, that by means of it she could convey intelligence to her mother, her delight was unbounded. She applied herself with great diligence, and in a few months actually wrote a legible letter to her mother, in which she conveyed information of her being well, and of her coming home in ten weeks. It was, indeed, only the skeleton of a letter, but still it expressed in legible characters a vague outline of the ideas which were passing in her mind. She was very impatient to have the *man* carry this letter, for she supposed that the utmost limit of the Post-Office department was to employ a man to run backward and forward between our institution and the different towns where the pupils live, to fetch and carry letters.

She has improved very much in personal appearance as well as in intellect; her countenance beams with intelligence; she is always active at study, work, or play; she never repines, and most of her time is gay and frolicsome.

She is now very expert with her needle, she knits very easily, and can make twine bags and various fancy articles very prettily. She is very docile, has a quick sense of propriety, dresses herself with great neatness, and is always correct in her deportment. In short, it would be difficult to find a child in the possession of all her senses, and the enjoyment of the advantages

that wealth and parental love can bestow, who is more contented and cheerful, or to whom existence seems a greater blessing, than it does to this benighted creature, for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, and the flowers no colour or smell."

INSCRIPTION FOR A CEMETERY.

BY SWYNHEN JERVIS.

The grave, whatever thy degree,
Thy final resting-place must be.
What matters it, if few or more
The years which our frail nature bore?—
If we upon the roll of fame
Left an imperishable name,
Or in some silent, safe retreat
Escaped the turmoil and the heat,
The stir, the struggle, and the strife,
That make the sum of human life?
Of all the family of man,
Since first the sons of earth began
To make this glorious world a stage
For rapine, blood, and lawless rage,
How little can be said beside,
But that they lived, and loved, and died!
Of this be certain: 'tis the doom
Of all, within the quiet tomb
To find, life's dangerous quicksands past,
A shelter and a home at last!

CUTTINGS FROM AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

ELOQUENCE.—The following is an extract from a speech delivered by a member of the Indiana legislature, on a bill to encourage the killing of wolves, which in sublimity has seldom been surpassed:—

"Mr Speaker.—The wolf is the most ferocious animal that prowls in our western prairies, or runs at large in the forests of Indiana. He creeps from his lurking place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the silent embraces of Morpheus; and ere the portals of the east are unbarred, or bright Phœbus rises in all his golden majesty, whole litters of pigs are destroyed."

WILLIAM TELL OUTDONE.—We learn from a paper, published in Northern Pennsylvania, that some time since a feat was performed in Ridgebury, Bradford county, which throws that of William Tell into the shade. A man named Lathorp Baldwin, with a rifle, shot an apple from the head of Thomas Fox, at eighteen yards distance. There was no cap on Fox's head, his hair was combed down smooth, and the apple was a small one. Both were somewhat in their cups.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

VIRGINIA JUSTICE.—A fellow in Virginia, who was ducked by a parcel of boys for whipping his wife, sued them for damages. The boys were very properly sentenced to duck him again.

UNPRODUCTIVE LAND.—A New Jersey paper states that there are lands in that state which will not support three whippoor-wills to an acre, any way you can fix it, under the best cultivation. He of the Boston Times says that these must be like some lands in New Hampshire, which the owners are obliged to fence, in order to keep their cows from going on and starving!

A DISTINCTION.—A dry-goods dealer in Bangor, had, by his conduct, obtained the name of "the little rascal." Being asked why this appellation had been given him, he replied, "To distinguish me from the rest of my neighbours, who are all *great rascals*!"

YANKEE DINNERS.—Baked beans, it is said, form now the only decidedly fashionable meal for Sabbath noon in "Boston." Whether they wash them down with any thing stronger than "lasses and water," the informant said not; but it seems to be not altogether unlikely, as a minister in "them parts" has computed that he "has preached regularly every Sabbath afternoon to fifty-five bushels and three pecks of baked beans, while their owners were mostly asleep."

INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE.—We have the information from undoubted authority, that an individual in Braintree has bottomed, during the past year, 950 pairs of men's thick boots, 150 pairs of boys' thick boots, and 50 pairs of brogans; read two weekly newspapers, with pamphlets, magazines, &c., besides 21,000 pages of the Library. We boldly ask, who has done better!—*Quincy Patriot.*

THE BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—A merchant in one of our northern cities lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed "Boy wanted." The next morning he found a bandbox on his door step, with this inscription on the top, "How will this one answer?" On opening it, he found a nice, fat, chubby-looking specimen of the article he wanted, warmly done up in flannel!

MISSISSIPPI.—A very able writer in the *Piney Woods Planter*, states the interest on banking capital paid by the people of Mississippi at 16,128,000 dollars per annum. His enumeration of the various classes of inhabitants is singular. He says there are in the state thirty-five thousand free white male citizens over twenty-one years of age—of this number he estimates that one thousand are engaged in *mixing liquor*, seven hundred and fifty in *making paper money*, about one thousand in the laudable occupation of *pleading law*, expounding the Scriptures, manufacturing pills, and teaching the young idea how to shoot—the aggregate number of idlers is estimated at three thousand six hundred and forty, leaving thirty-one thousand three hundred and sixty persons engaged in agriculture, commerce, and the mechanic arts.

YANKEE PERSEVERANCE.—The following little anecdote, which we cut from the *Boston Post*, would have done honour to Sam Slick, had he been the subject of it:—

An itinerant map-seller went into a merchant's counting-room near our office the other day, and asked the occupant if he wished to purchase a map. "No," was the tart reply. "Will you look at one?" "No; I have more of my own than I have time to examine?" "Will you allow me to look at yours, then?" "Yes; there they hang." "Well, while I am looking at yours, I'll just unroll mine—that, you know, won't hurt any body." So the map-vender displayed several of his best at full length upon the counter, and then quietly commenced looking at the merchant's which hung against the wall. After making a few observations about some curious water-falls, caves, &c., at places which he traced out upon the map before him, he managed to engage the merchant's attention, and at last referred to his own map, lying on the counter, for a more perfect illustration of his description, and finally so much interested the auditor that he bought three different maps, at six dollars each, of the pedlar, and very politely asked him to call again when he got out a new edition.

A TRAVELLER.—As we were about leaving the hotel at Philadelphia this morning, there seemed some delay from a passenger in the third story. Pretty soon, we heard a sharp altercation up stairs, followed by the appearance of a short fat man with a red face, who preceded a negro with an armful of boots. The short fat man hobbled to the bar; and in a sort of ominous whisper, as though he took some credit for not being in a towering passion, said,

"Landlord, where are MY BOOTS?"

"Why, really, sir, I—what number were they?"

"What has that to do with it?" said the fat man, beginning to get excited. "I don't know the number; I believe they were 8, with low heels and pegged."

"Ah, you mistake; what is the number of your room?"

"Forty-five."

"And did you put the number on your boots, when you took them off?"

"What have I to do with marking boots? Do you think I carry a bottle of ink in my pocket to prevent my boots being stolen?"

"But there was a piece of chalk on the stand where you took them off?"

"A piece of thunder and lightning!" said the other. "I'll tell you what, landlord, this won't do. The simple question is, Where are my boots? I took them off in this house, and you are responsible for them. That's law all over the world."

"Carriage waiting," said the driver.

"Let it wait," said the fat man. "Suppose I can go without my boots?"

"Here be one pair that wern't marked," said the black; "are them um?"

"Them um, you rascal, why they are an inch too short, and the heels are two inches high."

"Carriage waiting, and the boat will leave if I wait any longer," shouted the driver, while we in the carriage were all urging him to start.

The fat man gasped for breath. "Landlord, I again ask, WHERE ARE MY BOOTS?"

"Why, really, sir, I—"

"Go, or not?" said the driver.

The short man seized the unmarked boots, and strained and pulled till he got them on, and, groaning as though his feet were in a vice,

"I'll tell you what it is, landlord, I call all these people to witness!"

"Carriage starting," said the bystanders.

The fat man started too, and was just getting into the coach, when the black touched his coat tail, saying, "Remember the servant, sir."

"Yes," said the other, turning round and laying his cane over the waiter's head, "take that, and that, and try and see if you can remember me, and my boots, too."

After we reached the boat, and for a long time, the fat man seemed lost in a reverie, looking at his new boots. I once heard him mutter, "After all, if I get the heels cut off, they won't be so very uncomfortable, and mine did leak a little."

Thus may we draw comfort from the worst of ills, for what is worse than losing one's boots when the carriage is waiting, and the boat about to start?

THE HOSTILITY OF POPULAR PREJUDICE TO THE DEVELOPEMENT OF SCIENCE.

There is no great improvement which has ever been proposed or effected, no discovery of art or science, whether affecting the physical or mental condition of mankind, but has met with opposition to its development; if, therefore, those discoveries which the last century has produced, and which touch so lightly the habits and manners of the million, have, before reaching their present perfection, had to struggle not only with the imperfect knowledge which the first discoverers had of their principle, but the active opposition and lazy ignorance of the multitude, with how much more fervour has that opposition been displayed when science has dared to meddle with the ignorance of antiquated custom! We all remember when the illumination of the streets by gas was commenced, the fears, the apprehensions that were raised—the very watchmen, who seldom thought at all, trod the pavement with fear and terror. It was known that tubes of inflammable and poisonous air were carried under the streets; it was prognosticated that London would be lost, as the agent of fire and pestilence was brought to every man's door.—*Polytechnic Journal.*

London: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. S. Oas, Paternoster Row; and sold by all booksellers and news-men.—Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.